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Poetry.

From the Young America.

Lines

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Listen! ye who send your store
To the darkened tribes of earth,
Spreading far from shore to shore
Tidings of a Savior's birth.

I was up betimes this morn—
At the chill break of day—
And I learned what ye may scorn,
Ye who for the Heathen pray.

Down in alleys dark and deep—
And in hovels bleak and cold—
Little children strive to sleep,
While they perish with the cold.

All the night long cowering low,
By the ashes of their hearths,
Rocking babes to and fro,
Mothers curse their wretched births.

Wan and [illegible] sick with grief,
Curse they still their wretched lot,
Hopeless of the world's [illegible]—
In existence—[illegible] not.

Down at [illegible], in alleys dim,
Cometh some thick coated man—
Leaves a tract,—a[illegible]
For the starving ones to scan.

There are cellars, where all night,
Wretched men do congregate—
Struck with misery and with blight,
To bemoan their wretched fate.

Maddening draughts of fire they quaff,—
Curse, and [illegible], and blaspheme;
Even at their plagues they laugh,
While the world [illegible] they deem.

Ho! ye purple clad fair dames—
Ho! ye men of wealth and [illegible]—
In your bright and golden dreams
Have you thought on such [illegible]?

Miscellaneous.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

THE WINE GLASS:

A PRIZE TALE.

BY J. T. SWANN.

Concluded.

The next morning at breakfast, after other conversation of a miscellaneous character, Mr. Larmoote, addressing himself to Wallace said:

"I wish to have a little talk with you this morning in the parlor, before you go up town."

Breakfast over, they retired. Various were the emotions that filled the young man's bosom, for, though in a state of almost constant *partial intoxication, he retained* some sensibility; in fact, a veneration and regard for his father, approaching almost to sanctity, had grown in him, into a sort of second nature habit, quite as fixed as that he now so fearfully displayed. But his emotions did not partake of a spirit of slavish dread; there was nothing of that in his moral constitution. Sensible of his own misfortune, he had often witnessed his father's pain on account of it. It was the contact on this score, in some new shape, for aught he knew, that his sensibility feared. His father's suffering concerned him while he saw it, though it was invariably soon forgotten in the craving and quenchless force of his habit. About himself, abstractly, he was altogether indifferent; and, repeatedly said, when any thing prompted that he would as lief be dead as alive; "to be or not to be" was no question for debate with him.

"Wallace, my son," said his father, as they took their seats near each other, "the motive for asking this interview with you lies near my heart, and involves your highest interests and the happiness of your parents. I have often conversed with you, my son, upon the impropriety of your liberal indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors. You are now aware of the end to which it has brought you, and I would once again, in all the earnestness and affection of a father who loves you, and is regarded by you, awaken you, if possible, to a sense of your peril and the propriety of reforming. My son, are you willing, with your judgement, to go on thus, and finally, or soon fill a drunkard's grave?"

"Father,—I would rather not talk about that," replied Wallace in broken accents, reverently, but evidently reckless of his destiny.

"But, my son, you must allow this privilege now; I cannot surrender you to ruin. I want you to talk with me as you always have done."

"I do not love you any less than I ever did, father."

"*I know it my son.*"

"But I do not want to talk about myself any more."

"Why, my Son."

"Because, I never expect to quit drinking; I have tried and thought I would, but I cannot. I did not think it wrong when I began to drink, for it was fashionable and is now."

He spoke in a slow, lifeless manner; and, oh, had his mother heard that last expression (he did not think it was wrong,) it would have driven an arrow into her heart, barbed, to fester till the latest hour of her life. Waking or sleeping, she would have cried unceasingly "*There is no peace! there is no peace!*" But she never heard it. Alas! how many mothers, how many of the gentle sex, who have presented the wine cup to the lips of their sons and their lovers, would writhe in the agony of spirit, if they knew or would think their ruin was traceable to them. Yet the deadliest chalice is the first; the balance but perfect the work. So, the assassin's first blow secures his unfortunate victim, and each succeeding one but completes the horid deed. And the [illegible] of death, too, because of its [illegible] and beauty, is not the less fatal. The [illegible] and the scimetar will pierce the heart as readily and deadly as the sword or bayonet.

"But," Wallace continued, "I cannot do without it now—and, in fact, I would rather die than suffer without it. I do not expect to be any account, father, any more, please let me alone."

He was not excited, but spoke in cold indifference, and raised his head as if about to start.

"Pause, my son—what will you do with your name and the honor of your father's family?"

"I know *I* am nothing, father—now—any more—honor of the family!" his eye brightening and looking enquiringly, not angrily, in his father's face, "have I done any thing dishonorable? cut my throat if I have," and he drew his knife from his pocket, that he might [illegible] this father should instance any dishonorable act committed by him.

"You have done no such thing, my son," promptly responded his father, and he was satisfied.

This was the most wretched moment in the life of Mr. Larmoote. His son was half a demoniac before his face, and he could not, aye, he dared not reason with him. What must he do! what must he, could he say? surrender? He had not disclosed his project yet, and how could he approach it? After a silence, the most solemn and awful, it is possible for the human mind to know, trembling, lest some syllable or tone of his voice might have a dangerous effect, he added:

"Wallace would you not prefer to live somewhere else, if you could?" This question was a more immediate introduction to a disclosure of his project and was so framed and spoken as to avoid exciting his mind in the least degree.

"Yes," he half indifferently answered, "because you always wished me to be sober. I know that I ought to quit drinking, if I could."

The latter portion of this reply might incline the reader to think that, possibly, some motive or other addressed to his personal happiness or interests, if cautiously plied, would prove effectual; yet, such was his manner, that the last gleam of hope to be derived from that source, was expelled from his mind.

Wallace was restless to withdraw.

"My son," his father added, as if partly dismissing the subject, "would you not like to leave the town awhile, and visit some part of the country you have not seen? How would you like to live in a new country? This you know, is getting old, and presents but little promise for the future."

"Why, I wanted to go to a new country, you know. I used to say so, but you thought it was better not to go, and mother used to laugh at me for wishing to live in such rude society as the pioneers."

This broken response, though a glimmer, had all the power on his father, of effulgent mid-day on the "darkness visible" of midnight. But he must yet tread as on a slumbering earthquake or holy ground.

"I have heard of a fine tract of land on the Mississippi river, that is immensely valuable and may be bought low. I would like for you to take charge of it. A gentleman informs me, that it produces cotton luxuriantly, and, like the neighborhood in which it is situated, abounds in almost every description of game."

A slight sensation of pleasure passed upon the face of Wallace, whether at the idea of rendering his father service in a business way (of which he was in fact, incapable,) or of the sports of the woods, or both, was not discernable; the latter likely, from what Mortner had said. His father told him where the land was, particularly, and portrayed the numerous advantages it possessed, until the young inebriate seemed to grow impatient to be off.

"I will procure it for you, my son, so soon as possible. Compelled to be absent in person, on public business, I will get William Mortner to go and make the purchase forthwith; and, when he returns, he will give us perhaps a more full account than I now have. In the meantime, Wallace, arrangements can be making at home for your departure and comfort in the new country."

The interview, which it would have been perhaps impolitic to protract longer, was here discontinued. Mrs. Larmoote did not make her appearance any time during it, and it was no doubt, well she did not; for herself individually it was certainly well. Having been so instrumental, however unconsciously in establishing her son's habits of intemperance, she always felt that she could do but little or nothing, personally, in his restoration. This was, in fact, true, while the several impressions from the artless lips of her drunkard, Wallace, in reference to the formation of those habits, would have made her miserable beyond degree.

Wallace was scarcely gone, when a messenger was despatched with the following note to Mortner:

MR. WM. MORTNER:

My Dear Friend:—I have just concluded an interview with Wallace, and will be glad to see you, at my house, this evening, if convenient to you. Inform me by the bearer, if you cannot come.

Very truly, H. A. LARMOOTE.

To this note the bearer returned an answer that he was sorry previous engagements would occupy his time during the day, but he would be there at an early hour the succeeding day. Mortner was indeed anxious to know the result of the [illegible] only on account of Wallace and his parents, but also his own change of residence and the circumstances to be controlled by it. He had now promised to go, and there was no excuse, satisfactory to his mind, to release him, if indeed he fully desired one. It is unnecessary, in this place, to detail the causes why, at this juncture, he was half inclined to linger in the town. They were of a peculiarly interesting character to him, though unrevealed; yet they had no connection whatever with the obligations he had assumed in reference to Mortner, nor would he suffer them to govern him, in that regard in the least degree.

When he had returned his answer to Mr. Larmoote's note he took up the note again and re-read it, to see whether he had overlooked a word by which he could ascertain the result of the interview with Wallace; but he had not; Mr. Larmoote had said nothing about it, for the reason that he expected to see Mortner, in person, in the course of thirty minutes.

The father and mother were now occupied in discussing *probabilities in reference to the* son and the preparation necessary to his departure and comfort. The next day at two o'clock, he must leave in the hack to be absent several weeks, and he desired that Mortner should go forthwith to make the purchase on the Mississippi river, and such arrangements as might be necessary to its immediate occupation by him and Wallace.

The day passed, and the night, with its dews that lingered in the morning, was gone. Mortner and Wallace's parents were again in council.

Said Mr. Larmoote, "I am happy to inform you, Mortner, that my interview with Wallace resulted in his consent to go; indeed, he seemed impatient for his new home."

Every suspended doubt of Mortner, his inward indecision to the fullest, was now utterly removed, and no other thought or disposition remained with him but to give himself up entirely to a new country and the interest of his friend Wallace.

"I congratulate you," said he, "on your success and the reasonable prospect it opens."

"I must leave in the afternoon," replied Mr. Larmoote, "upon public duty and will be necessarily absent some time. You promised me, in the event of Wallace's consent, to go and purchase the land for me; will it now be convenient for you to do so?"

"I have made no engagement, sir, to conflict with my promise to you, but have held myself ready for the contingency."

"Can you go forthwith?"

"Yes sir; by to-morrow's hack out West, if necessary."

With this Mr. Larmoote opened his private drawers and placed a large amount of money in the hands of Mortner.

"Purchase the land for double its value sooner than not get it; have the deed proved and recorded according to the laws of Tennessee; contract for the possession in eight weeks; buy a portion, or, if advisable, all of the stock on the place; contract for the comfortable improvement of the house; in short, make whatever provision and arrangement you may consider proper."

Mr. Larmoote left in the afternoon, and Mortner the next day. Whatever there was of particular interest occurring with either in their absence, it would be out of place to detail it here. Go the next day, however, before Mortner left, he casually met Wallace and a conversation ensued which was marked by that lively, jovial, spirit, that always accompanied their intercourse, although it was very considerably blunted for some time past, by the enervating and morbid effects of alcohol upon Wallace.

"Well, Wallace, I am going to-day to buy you a farm out in the big woods, on the 'Big Spring Branch.' They tell me there is any quantity of game out there. I suppose you intend to go to slaying by the wholesale?"

"Why, the 'old man,' did say something about that the other day. It was about the time he was giving me a little thunder for taking my liquor."

"But what do you think about the pioneer business?"

"Ah, ——" (as if half forgetting the subject,) I don't care a fig."

"I like it, Wallace, its grand, and then the game."

Wallace's attention was awakened; and he told Mortner he would get him a rifle and a new fowling piece, and lay in a large stock of ammunition. Poor fellow! he was little fit then to point a gun or manage one.

"And," he continued, "I want you to go—won't you?"

"It just suits me—why, yes!"

"Good!" and he started, then turned and spoke: "See here—say your going to day?"

"Yes, to-day."

"Well, see here, when will you get back?"

"Don't know—month or such a matter, and the inebriate passed on to renew a cup he [illegible]

[illegible] wise, mitigated. As before, he continued, during the absence of his father, to take the intoxicating potation without measure, and almost without compunction. No doubt, however, he contemplated seriously a settlement according to the circumstances agreed, for he frequently spoke of it to his *companions*, and made several purchases, before Mortner's return, with that view. But it was evident he did not then meditate a change of habits or have the least thought of such an event. His parents and friends had not sufficiently considered this fact. Perhaps, it was regarded as rather secondary and consequential than otherwise, for they were ready to hang a hope of his reformation upon almost any contingency, especially on one giving the promise of this. There is hardly an hour in the history of man that has not some relief. It is often real, but will serve the purpose of the moment if only imaginary. And how wise and benificent is this provision in the economy of the superruling Providence! Did the night of *despair hang starless over* man, and no gleam fall on his pathway in time, what a cheerless, what a miserable being he would be! Were every hope crushed, and the horrors of human life loosed, like preditory demons, upon his unshielded and unstayed bosom, it would have been better, incomparably had he been the lowest brute in the animal world, his face bowed to the ground, and his form bended to grovel in the dust—better had he been born without a soul, or aught to teach him that he lived. Man is indeed the "prisoner of hope," while the infinite God sits on the circle of the heavens, and reigns in the armies of the skies and among the inhabitants of the earth.

The interval was a time of painful soliloquy with Mrs. Larmoote. Had she done nothing to contribute to her son's present melancholy state, its reality were of itself, enough to make her altogether unhappy; but, in addition to this, the thought that she was at least partially instrumental in bringing it upon him gave her an increased amount of sorrow. She did not know that such was the fact; so, she never told it, and was even wont, in her own mind, to excuse herself;—but, yet, there was a more secret place in her bosom whence she often reluctantly retired to read over, what she had done, and grieve. Frequently, she muttered alone in language like this:

"I was a mother. I had seen and read of the evils of intemperance. The drunkard had staggered before my eyes, and, I knew he was a citizen once high in reputation and the walks of usefulness. I saw perhaps the first cup he took; it was on a bright and fashionable occasion; yea, in my own house he had sipped his glass, and I deemed him the better for it; I saw him fall, as it were to his present ruin. I had seen many such cases, I ought to have known the cause. I did—but, ah! it made not the impres of a passing thought upon *my mind*. The god of the fashion of the day maddened me with devotion. I invoked Bacchus *at my own* parties, not as a reveller or *demon*, I thought, but as a fit associate for the wit and sentiment and beauty of the occasions. I taught my son it was no harm to sip the at the board, for thus did the intelligent and accomplished that surrounded it. He obeyed my teaching, and I was pleased. He learned to sip too freely, but I did not frown or chide, and, at length, when my tongue was forced to speak, alas! he could not hear; my son was gone! And, O, my soul! what anguish now is thine." And she sighed and bathed her cheeks in scalding tears.

Here was a speech it would be well for thousands to commit to memory. It should be written in burning letters, with a pen of steel.

After something like three weeks absence, Mr. Larmoote returned home, and between one and two weeks after him, Mortner arrived. The latter had purchased the land, according to directions, and made arrangements for comfortable repairs upon the premises. The dwelling was a single story, double-cabin house of hewn logs, daubed according to the custom of the country. The kitchen was of round logs, also daubed and chinked, both of them having tough brick chimneys. The meat-house, corn-cribs, stables, and cotton house exhibited less taste. While Mortner was detailing the advantages of the place and the abundance of wild game, Wallace was present—for which reason he was the more particular to add something of zest to his description, in order to bind his friend to his purpose of removal.

Every thing was now rapidly hastened to a state of preparation, so that within four weeks after Mortner's return, he was on the way back with his friend to their new home.

Wallace was careful in the meantime, to provide himself with his favorite beverage; and his supply lasted some three weeks after he reached his destination. It was then [illegible] able. In a land of entire strangers, no grogshop nearer than the village where he had not yet been, and his palate burning for the draught, he earnestly longed to be again in his familliar walks, and almost cursed the 'new country.' Mortner seized this opportunity to introduce him to the sports of the forest, for something now must needs be done. They took guns and entered the wild woods, spending the day with hunters' best success. At night they were wearied, and, appeasing their hunger, retired early to bed, and slept soundly till the blush of morn. That day's sport was succeeded by another, and so on, till Wallace seemed (not by any virtue of his) to forget the bowl. He even remarked that he did not believe he could abstain so long, and, though he still craved the beverage he thought he could do without it. This was the return of his entire reason, in which he promised his friend, whom he loved like a brother, that he would be a sober man. He talked of his *father and friends, and of him-self*, rationally and wisely.

Betweeen their books, papers, and correspondence, the game and farm, was spent the time of the two friends. Their post office was at the village, to which some one was regularly sent, if Mortner did not go himself. In answer to the several anxious letters from Wallace's parents, Mortner, partly by request of his friend, wrote a long letter, from which, in regard to his habits, is the following extract:

"I am happy to say, that my friend Wallace, is not only contented, but in his own language a "new man." He has not tasted ardent spirits for three weeks. Sometime soon he purposes writing to you himself, and says he will confirm what I here say!"

The ballance of the letter was relative to the farm, its cultivation, their comfort, and matters of business generally. So it would be unnecessary to copy it; its bearing would only be to confirm incidentally the substance of the above extract.

Wallace concluded, one day, he would go to the village to get their usual quantum of letters and papers. Mortner was not satisfied that he should do so, fearing almost for him to be out of his sight, yet he could not safely object. No prejudice to Wallace's reformation, however, was occasioned by it. Repeatedly afterwards he went, and; becoming more familiar with the place, he finally ventured to take a dram at the grog-shop; but, of this, that caused no little compunction of conscience, he was careful not to advise his friend. Once, however, he came home intoxichted. Mortner, so soon as he was sober, remonstrated with him, and expressed his great unhappiness, gently intimating at at the same time, his unwillingness to remain with him, if he intended again to throw himself away. Wallace was indeed wounded,